

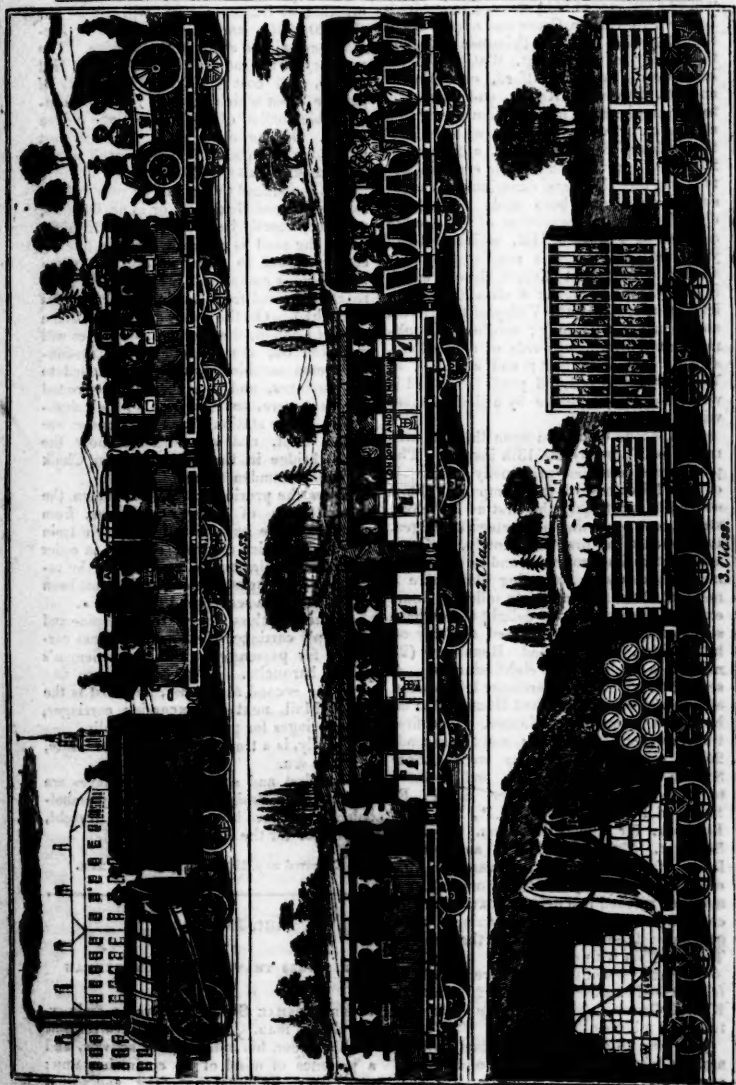
The Mirror

OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 845.]

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1837.

[Price 2d.]



THE LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY CARRIAGES.

Vol. xxx.

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THE LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY.

THIS stupendous work is now hastening to completion. The whole extent of the line will be a distance of 111½ miles, passing from London, by Euston Grove and northward of the Regent's Park, by Primrose Hill, and the Valley of the Brent, Watford, Berkhamstead, Fenny Stratford, near Northampton, Daventry, Rugby, and Coventry, to Birmingham. The road from the station at Euston Grove to Boxmoor, within about four miles of Berkhamstead, a distance of 23 miles, is now finished in its essential details, and upon it several experimental excursions have already been made. The principal features of this portion of the line are a tunnel at Primrose Hill, which is 1,603 yards in length, and is ventilated by four shafts; a tunnel at Kensal Green, which is 313 yards in length; a stupendous embankment crossing the Valley of the Brent, and nearly a mile long; another embankment at Watford, upwards of a mile long, and 45 feet in height; and a tunnel at Watford, which is 1,786 yards long, and is ventilated in the centre by a shaft 40 feet wide.

The second excursion upon this line was made on Thursday the 13th instant. The passengers consisted principally of friends of the Directors of the Company. They started in two trains, the first as the clock struck one, consisting of fourteen carriages. It proceeded at first very slowly, but soon accelerated its progress, and in a few minutes it was seen sweeping along like a meteor, at the rate of thirty miles an hour, exciting the wonder and delight of the thousands of spectators who lined the way on both sides. It reached Boxmoor, (23 miles,) in an hour and eight minutes. A second train of twelve carriages left London at two o'clock, and reached Boxmoor in an hour and twenty-five minutes. The first train carried 150 persons; and the second, 200. Among the company were—Lords Sandon, Bexley, Northwick, and Hatherston, the Hon. Dudley Ryder, Sir T. R. Reid, M.P., Mr. Tooke, M.P., Sir John Lubbock, Sir James M'Adam, Sir John Sebright, Mr. Back, M.P., and several ladies of distinction. They were sumptuously entertained by the Directors, under a marquee pitched in a field at Boxmoor. The company returned to the carriages at a quarter past four, and arrived at the Camden Town station within an hour.

The passages of the tunnels were made as follows:—Primrose Hill tunnel, 2½ minutes; Kensal Green tunnel, ¾ minute; Watford tunnel, 3 minutes.

The construction of this Railway will be a costly labour. The expense of levelling, excavating, tunnelling, filling up, &c. ave-

rage 50,080*l.* per mile; and one mile between Primrose Hill and Camden Town cost 300,000*l.*, in consequence of the extraordinary difficulties which presented themselves.

The expense of the London Terminus* now erecting at Euston Grove, will not be less than 30,000*l.*; and the Terminus at Birmingham will be still more expensive. The masonry at the mouth of the Primrose Hill tunnel, will cost 7,000*l.* The blocks of granite upon which the rails rest for a considerable portion of the line cost one guinea a pair. On the other parts the rails rest upon logs of wood. The amount of wages paid weekly is about 40,000*l.*

It is announced that about 37 miles of the railway beyond Boxmoor, or in all, 60 miles, will very shortly be opened. At Birmingham, the road is connected with a line recently opened to Manchester; and when the whole is completed, we shall be able to reach Liverpool from London in eight hours and a half. On the trains arriving within a mile of London, the locomotive engines will be taken off, a rope worked by stationary steam machinery, will be attached to the carriages, and thus they will be wound up, as it were, to the place of their destination. The stations for this purpose are almost built, and are situated near the Canal bridge in the fields between Chalk Farm and Camden Town.

Upon the previous page are shown the three trains of railway carriages, from sketches made by our artist. Each train has its respective engine; though, in order to enable the draftsman to show all the varieties of carriages, the engine has not been repeated in the second and third trains.

In the first class trains, are the engine and its supply carriage. Next are first class carriages for passengers, and a gentleman's private barouche.

In the second class train, foremost is the Royal Mail, next are excursion carriages, and carriages for passengers generally.*

Thirdly, is a train of carriages for cattle, wagons, &c.

The first and second class carriages are of handsome design, and tastefully embellished; and have been built by Mr. Wright, contractor for the Royal Mails.

* Engraved at p. 210 of the Mirror, vol. xxix.

Anecdote Gallery

PASSAGES TRANSLATED FROM GERMAN WORKS.

FIELD-MARSHAL SUWARROW was a truly extraordinary man. He distinguished himself by his valour, his indefatigable activity, and a presence of mind of no common stamp; and yet was he brutal, unfeeling, and withal

given to an old womanish superstition. His mode of living was singular in many respects, and entirely different from that of the other generals of his army. He ate nothing but food of the coarsest description, and mostly contented himself with a common soldier's fare. He bathed every day in cold water, slept upon a simple mattress filled with hay, and his whole wardrobe consisted of his regimentals and a sheepskin. He never gave the signal for battle, without previously having made the sign of the cross, and kissed the portrait of the holy Nicholas. In conversation and writing he affected a laconic style, and generally gave his orders in burlesque verses. The drudgery of the details of the service he hated; the field of battle was his place—there he gloried.

Elizabeth, Empress of Russia, used to travel with amazing velocity. In winter, she performed the journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow, a distance of 200 leagues, in forty-eight hours. The imperial sledge, which was provided with a "fourneau," stove, a card-table, and a sofa, was drawn by twelve noble steeds, each pair of which had a postilion. This equipage was followed by a dozen grooms, each provided with a fresh horse, in order to replace those that dropped through fatigue and exhaustion. Before the departure of this extraordinary *cortège*, the roads were all minutely examined, and the snow brought to so smooth a surface that scarcely an indentation was to be discerned.

Voltaire possessed a young eagle to which he was extremely attached. The petted bird one day fell ill, which gave its master the greatest anxiety on its account: every morning and evening he asked the servant, to whom the care of it had been entrusted, how it was, and gave her the necessary directions for its nursing. Madeline, however, came one morning, and, with a smile on her mouth, said, "Sir, your eagle is now recovered."—"Has he? how glad I am!"—"But, sir, he is dead, I mean."—"What, dead! and you bring me the news with a smile on your countenance?"—"Alas, sir, he was so thin and lean, is it not better that he should have died?"—"A fine reason you give me then," roared the exasperated Voltaire, starting from his chair, "a fine reason! So, I presume, you would have me done away with, because I am thin. Only think of that hussey, to give me the news of my poor eagle's death, laughing, and because he was thin! Do you imagine that it is only big, fat, unwieldy 'bêtes' like you, that have a right to live? Away, away! begone out of my sight. If you mean to kill all those that are thin, go and find employment with persons as fat as yourself."

Madame Denis, who saw her uncle in such

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a passion, pretended to dismiss the servant, but merely ordered her to conceal herself in one of the outhouses. Voltaire, at the end of three months, happened to speak of this servant. "She has been very unfortunate," said his niece, "she has not been able to find a place, as it was generally known that you had dismissed her."—"That was her fault,—why did she laugh at the death of my eagle, because he was thin? But, still, she ought not to starve. Let her return—but let her never meet my eye." So Madeline came forth from her hiding-place, and took especial care that her master should not see her. This, however, was a difficult matter: she met Voltaire one day in a narrow path: Madeline cast her eyes down, and attempted to mutter a few words of apology, but Voltaire interrupted her, and said: "Well, we won't speak of it any more; but, recollect, that all those that are thin are not to be killed."

Frederick the Great, who was a man of common and uncouth notions, was in the habit of spending his afternoons, drinking beer and smoking a pipe in a little island on the Spree. A few of his ministers were generally invited to meet him at the low tavern, and there they used to discuss on various political topics. In one of these meetings a minister of the Emperor Charles VI. sat between his majesty and his prime minister. The King's wrath had been excited by an answer made by the Austrian, and as his fist was more ready for a reply than his tongue, he gave him a box on the ear. M. de Sienkendorf, without hesitation, gave a sounder one still to the Prussian minister, and said, "Pass it on." H. M.

The Sketch-Book.

A VISIT TO THE SUBTERRANEAN VAULTS OF MAASTRICHT.*

(From the French of Bory de St. Vincent.)

SCARCELY had I penetrated the distance of more than two hundred paces in the crypts of Maestricht, than they presented to my imagination the gloomy idea of a boundless maze, in which man abandoned to his own resources, could never evade death.

The doleful silence which reigns in these sinister abodes, adds to the horror of the darkness; the human voice can scarcely disturb it: its cries are deadened, stifled, arrested as it were by the sheer thickness of the gloom. The echo itself which the wayward traveller may in the desert question, exists not here.

If at times, I separated some distance

* These crypts or vaults are a vast labyrinth, about 36 miles in circumference, open on the side of the Meuse.

from my guide, in order to judge of the effect our torches would have in this profound darkness, their flames, shedding a reddish, sickly, steady light, did not assist one to recognise the objects in their vicinity; and our voices, without vibration, were lost in the hundreds of roads that intersected each other.

In order to appreciate the solitude in all its completeness, in which the traveller is buried, and to have a notion of what feelings must agitate the palpitating breast of the unfortunate who has lost himself in this subterranean labyrinth, he should order his torches to be extinguished, and request of the guides to leave him to himself for a few minutes. Suddenly, an indescribable kind of horror will seize him; an irresistible instinct will impel him to seek the wall nearest to him, and, as if to ascertain that he had still one sense left, will prompt him to feel repeatedly with his hands. His eyes will in vain strain their utmost nerves to catch a glimpse of some succouring light, his ear will be incapable of receiving the slightest consolatory noise; the sense of touch alone can be of assistance to him, where the horrors of the tomb surround him on all sides, and where fright reveals to him all the excruciating sufferings those unfortunates must have endured, whose cries, whose supplications, whose fervent prayers and useless frantic transports of rage were lost in the immensity of these very same places.

After having wandered for some time groping along the walls of this living sepulchre, and feeling himself to be lost, the most intrepid man would stand rivetted to the spot with horror and despair, were it not for the consciousness of the presence of his guides; he calls them, and at the first spark which is struck from the flint, he feels an indescribable return of comfort.

Foujas relates in the history of his excursion, that the French officer who officiated as his guide, led him to a gallery of vast dimensions and exceedingly lofty, materially differing from those he had previously seen; the sides of this one were continued, that is to say, without lateral openings, whilst the others were perforated in all directions by arches, where the traveller runs the risk of not again recognising his way. Here, adds Foujas, we were as in a long, broad street, without apparently any means of egress, but by retracing the ground previously gone over. We had already journeyed nearly half-way through this cavern, when our torches, which preceded us, permitted us to discern at a little distance what appeared to be the form of a man lying stretched on the ground, as if he were asleep; this form attracted our attention more and more, till at last when within a few steps we discovered it to be a corpse. The place, and the state of the object

excited in us feelings of surprise mingled with horror. It was nothing more than a dry skeleton dressed, with a hat near the head, the shoes detached from the feet, and a string of beads near one hand. By his dress he appeared to be a workman, who having lost himself in these vast labyrinths, had perished with hunger and despair. To judge from the state of desiccation, the body could not have been there less than sixty or seventy years. It is probable that since that time no one had entered this gallery, for it had only been discovered a few days. The dry air, which reigns in these subterranean caverns, the total absence of all kinds of insects, had allowed the body to preserve itself in the manner of those that were formerly to be seen in the "*caveaux des Cordeliers*" at Toulouse.

The guides who accompany the travellers in these cavities never fail to relate the history of some artillerymen, who during the siege of Maestricht by the armies of the French republic, had thoughtlessly taken it into their heads to visit them alone, and who never returned to narrate their adventures. They add, that at the time when the abuse of the conscription pressed upon the country, several young men, determined to hazard every thing rather than submit to this manner of recruiting, sought in the same crypts an asylum against the sergeants; the most fortunate ended by finding in the depths of the earth that liberty which they would not have found on its surface; whilst the others, predestined no doubt, and as if the hour had been marked, clandestinely and in solitude and darkness encountered that death which they would have met in a glorious manner and with a thousand times less suffering, on the field of battle.

I myself, have frequently found in walking through these vaults, fragments of human skeletons, sickening remains of wretches, whose moral sufferings must have been more horrible still than the physical tortures in the midst of which they must have breathed their last.

In various places, sketches in charcoal are pointed out, as representing the discovery of some corpse with the relation of the tragical end of some unfortunate persons who were buried alive in these caverns. Here is representation of a workman, who not being able to find the course of road he was to keep, and having wandered in this inextricable maze so long as his torch could enable him to distinguish the many turnings, has chafed in his hands the last sparks of the fire which was not sufficient to guide his steps and has sented himself with his hands burning, resigning himself to his fate with apathetic despair; there, is another of a workman whose lamp was accidentally overset and who was unable to find the issue

again by which he had been introduced into an unfrequented gallery, at the extremity of which he had hoped to meet with good ground for mining.

Of all histories of this kind, that of the four Franciscan friars, who perished in 1640, is the most lamentable. These religious men had conceived the project of cutting out a chapel at the bottom of some subterraneous retreat and with this end in view they often surveyed the caverns, being desirous of selecting the spot most convenient from the loftiness of its galleries. Scorning to provide themselves with guides, as they became acquainted with the galleries, they bethought themselves of adopting the method of Ariadne in order to penetrate into the last known depths, but which for a long space of time had not been frequented by workmen. Having provided themselves with a ball of string, they fixed one end of it at the place of their setting out; and after travelling as long as the ball of string afforded them the possibility, they reached a nook unknown then, but since become famous. At the entrance of this fatal spot, one of them traced out with charcoal, the view still extant, of the platform of St. Peter, taken from the side of the Meuse. There the convent of his order was to be seen. After having written under this sketch the date of a discovery that was to cost them so dear, the friars, retracing their steps, soon discovered, that the thread by some unaccountable cause had been broken!

It is not known what these religious men did in this distressing emergency; but their superior not finding them return, and being aware of the motive that led them into the caverns, caused a search to be made. Such, however, is their immensity, or rather such is the isolation of the old excavations where the four men had arrived, that it was only a week afterwards that their bodies were discovered, lying at a short distance the one from the other, their faces against the ground, strings of beads in their hands, and as if fallen from the posture of prostration into the attitude of adoration, and addressing to heaven their last sigh which the earth seemed jealous of intercepting.

The likenesses of these unfortunate men are portrayed with frightful truth opposite the spot where they were severally found.

Absorbed in the saddest thoughts, by these melancholy memorials, the traveller, in deploring the fate of four victims of a holy zeal, must acknowledge that the ways of God are indeed inscrutable; since his goodness allowed that four virtuous ecclesiastics, working for His glory, should, notwithstanding the fervency of their prayers, have endured sufferings of such a nature as the persecutors of early Christianity, cruel as they are described to have been, could not themselves have invented.

H. M.

Retrospective Cleanings.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE following account is extracted from a document, published by order of the House of Commons, containing a detail of the number of Acts of Parliament passed during twenty-eight sessions, with the number of hours of sitting of each session, and the divisions at which the largest number of members were present. In 1806, the house sat 645 hours, during which 158 public and 226 private acts were passed. In 1807, there were two sessions, which sat 706 hours, and passed 134 public and 286 private acts. The average number of public acts passed from 1806 to 1826, was about 120, and in no year less than 100: in 1831 there were only 60. In 1815, there were 196 public acts passed, which was the greatest number passed in any session. The smallest number was passed in the first session of William IV., when only 27 public and 80 private acts passed the legislature. The greatest number of days on which any session continued to sit was in 1812, when the number was 137; in 1813, it was 136; and in 1811, it was 135. The shortest session was that of 1807, which sat only 45 days. The session which sat the greatest number of hours was that of 1831, which sat 198 hours: the session of 1821 sat 861½ hours. The following are the divisions at which the largest number of members were present:—

March 11, 1818, Indemnity Bill, and suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act	308
June 11, 1824, Condemnation of Missionary Smith	344
March 29, 1808, At a ballot	355
May 30, 1806, Clause in the Mutiny Bill	381
April 23, 1814, Lord Morpeth versus the Speaker	385
May 17, 1830, Jews' Relief Bill	398
May 25, 1815, The War against Buonaparte	428
Feb. 26, 1838, Repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts	435
March 18, 1816, The property Tax	443
Dec. 31, 1811, On the Creation of Peers by the Prince Regent	449
April 24, 1823, Reform of Parliament	454
June 2, 1817, Election of the Right Hon. Manners Sutton as Speaker	470
March 1, 1825, Roman Catholic Claims	483
April 3, 1807, Dismissal of the Administration	499
March 15, 1809, On the Motion relating to the Conduct of the Duke of York	497
April 30, 1823, Roman Catholic Peers in Parliament	498
May 24, 1813, Roman Catholic Bill	501
March 19, 1810, On the Scheldt Expedition	509
June 26, 1807, Address to the Crown	510
April 24, 1812, Roman Catholic Question	519
June 22, 1820, Resolution regarding the Trial of Queen Caroline	520
Jan. 26, 1821, Resolution in reference to the introduction of the Queen's Name in the Liturgy	524
March 18, 1829, Roman Catholic Relief Bill	531
Nov. 14, 1819, Address to the Crown	536
May 18, 1819, Motion for a Committee on the State of the Nation	540
March 6, 1827, Roman Catholic Claims	553

July 6, 1831, Reform Bill - 603
 March 22, 1831, Second Reading of the first
 Reform Bill, brought in by Lord John
 Russell - 608

W. G. C.

Popular Antiquities.

ROYAL WILLS.—DESTRUCTION OF THOSE OF KINGS GEORGE 1ST, 2ND, AND 3RD.*

IN the eleventh canto of that work of our noble poet Byron, which is considered to rank so pre-eminently above his other productions in the talent displayed in its construction, and the matter submitted for meditation in almost every verse—his *Don Juan*, are these four lines—

"Where's Brummell? dished. Where's Long Pole
 Wellesley? diddled.

Where's Whitbread? Romilly? Where's George
 the Third?—

Where is his Will? That's not so soon unriddled!
 And where is Fum the Fourth—our royal bird?"

In reference to the third line it will be recollected, that at the time of the decease of George the Third, much was said, and even printed tending to throw a mystery over his will; but as nothing explicit was stated, the rumours were considered to have in them more of detraction from the honesty of Queen Charlotte than of truth. Whether the last testament of that King met with any destructive accident, or not, I have never satisfactorily learned. It has been so asserted: and an acquaintance with the secret histories of past courts would lead us to consider it by no means improbable, and show that royal lines have been as liable to sin in this way as those of humbler blood. In proof of which we need not go beyond the list of *British Sovereigns*, as the following narrations will show.

Though not generally known, or to be found in printed histories, it is nevertheless, well established in truth that his late majesty's grandfather and great grandfather, Kings George I. and II., were both practically acquainted with the pecuniary advantages of such an expeditious mode of execution.

Horace Walpole mentions in some of his writings that George the First burned two wills, those of the Duke and Duchess of Zell, his much-injured wife's parents; who, indignant at the brutal treatment their daughter had received from him, left every thing they could to his son the Prince of Wales: and there seems no reason to doubt its truth, as Walpole says he was told the fact by Lady Suffolk, the mistress of George the Second, in extenuation of a similar act on his part.

That he, George the Second, destroyed the will of his father there is still less doubt.

* From the Cheltenham Looker-on, a capital specimen of periodical literature in the provinces.

As father and son, as King and Prince of Wales, history records that they were always on bad terms; which towards the close of the life of George the First had become so much worse, that his majesty very much feared his will, in which he had left a considerable sum to his daughter the Queen of Prussia, with large legacies to his natural children, would be treated with very little respect by his successor. In order, therefore to make his intentions as to the disposal of his private property as public as possible, he deposited the will in the hands of Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury; binding that prelate by the most solemn promises, that at the first privy council which should be assembled after his death, he would, in the presence of all the ministers and peers assembled thereat, deliver it to the new sovereign as his last will and testament.

Accordingly, when the expected event had taken place, and the council as usual met, the Archbishop, at a favourable moment rose from his seat, mentioned in an impressive manner the sacred trust he had received, and the dying injunction of his late master that every word in his will should be carried most strictly into execution, and, with a gravity suited to the occasion, gave it publicly into the King's hands, who, with equal gravity, put it in solemn slowness—into his pocket; and neither on that nor any other occasion afterwards produced it, acted according to its contents, or said a word upon the subject.

Though these facts were soon tolerably known about the Court, and Pope, in some of his satires, alluded to them so far as he dared, yet very little notice was taken of them by any writer of the day; but the persons who looked upon themselves as injured were by no means inclined to be so passive. Frederick William of Prussia, who never let a guinea go by him or from him if he could help it, spoke of his brother-in-law the new king's behaviour in such warm terms, and his conduct certainly deserved not very delicate ones, that a challenge actually passed between the two sovereigns, and they were with the utmost difficulty prevented from a private meeting. It is this quarrel, I imagine, that is alluded to in the following passage of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, wherein the author exults at having brought his great friend and guide to a reconciliation with his antipode in politics, revolutionary Wilkes:—

"The company gradually dropt away, Mr. Dilly himself was called down stairs upon business, and I left the room also for some time. When I returned, I was struck with observing Dr. Samuel Johnson and John Wilkes, Esq., literally tête-a-tête; for they were reclined upon their chairs, with their heads close to each other, and talking in a kind of confidential whisper of the per-

sonal quarrel between George the Second and the King of Prussia."

But Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, who had married one of the natural daughters of George the First, the Lady Melosinsh de Sculenburg, created Countess of Nottingham and Baroness of Oldborough, took a more political course, by threatening to bring an action for *his* wife's legacy against his majesty in his own courts; when, though personally safe from any consequences, the King became so conscious of the exposure and disgrace which would attend a public suit at law on such a subject, that he consented to pay down twenty thousand pounds to Lady Chesterfield to stop all further proceedings.

Collins, in his account of the Chesterfield peerage, speaks of this Earl's disappointment in not receiving particular favour from George the Second, whom, while Prince of Wales, and when at variance with the King his father, he had served faithfully for a period of thirteen years; and quotes a long note from Coxe's *Sir Robert Walpole* as exhibiting the secret cause of such disappointment. The substance of which is, that his lordship, polished and wary as his curious letters to his stupid natural son bespeak him to have been, was so impolitic and imprudent as to pay his court to the *mistress*—Lady Suffolk, instead of to the wife—Queen Caroline, who always knew of every visit paid by courtiers to her rival, and never failed to oppose their rise; which she was enabled to do effectually through the King's sense of the decorum due to her, and his disinclination to have it supposed that a frail female favourite held power over him in state matters.

It may be considered, however, that neither Collins nor Coxe knew the still more secret particulars here related, regarding the will of George the First. They form a far more probable and satisfactory reason for the sudden and strong prejudice taken by George the Second on his accession, to him who had till then been of the number of his closest intimates and firmest friends. Indeed, how could his majesty feel otherwise than averse to one who had threatened to expose him by such an action in his own courts. It is rather to be wondered at, that the King could so soon again feel so kindly towards him as he must have done when he, in 1746, nominated him principal Secretary of State.

George the First, in order to insure the safety and execution of his will with more certainty, left a duplicate of it in the hands of the Duke of Wolfenbuttel: but, alas! this *Sovereign Prince* was not proof against a bribe, for a dirty action, which gave to such duplicate the fate the original document had met with.

Will the histories of the wills of our sove-

reigns of the Hanover race since borne to the silent tomb, be as curious? and will their contents if ever generally known, give similar proof to the nation of the wrongly privileged licentiousness of their courts? Whether they do, or not, it must be truly a source of heartfelt satisfaction to every individual in the Empire who desires to see its superiority in *virtue* as well as in power established over other nations, that the line of succession has at length lighted the crown upon the brow of one whose education no less than sex insures a thorough purification of the court circle; and who is as unlikely to add to the number of our legislators by placing coronets over escutcheons adorned with the bar sinister, as to leave behind her a last testament, having in it the provisions contained in the wills of her five immediate predecessors: provisions, requiring either their destruction, or concealment from the too-generous people over whom they have reigned.

AUTOGRAPH OF "SHAKSPERE."

THE spelling of the name of our immortal dramatic poet, William Shakspeare, has long been a subject of controversy in the literary world. Upon the showing of several authorities, the name would appear to be as above "Shakspeare," although the insertion of *s* in the second syllable thus "Shakspeare," is almost universally adopted in our time. The question or inquiry as to which of these modes is correct, is a matter of considerable literary interest and curiosity, as, indeed, must be every inquiry tending to illustrate the history of Shakspeare. We despair, however, of seeing the adoption of the correction sought to be established; for as Cobbett once observed upon a similar occasion, what nearly a whole nation adopts, it is not in the power of a few persons to set aside.

To proceed with the inquiry, the annexed is an accurate fac-simile of the signature of Shakspeare, written on the fly-leaf of a volume which there is every reason to believe, once formed a part of his library; and which has hitherto, strange to say, been hidden from the knowledge and indefatigable researches of the whole host of Shaksperian commentators, collectors and illustrators. This precious volume is a copy of the first edition of the English translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, by John Florio, printed in folio, 1603, and its fortunate owner is the Reverend Edward Patteson, of East Sheen, in Surrey. Of its history it can only be stated that it previously belonged to Mr. Patteson's father, the Reverend Edward Patteson, minister of Smethick, in Staffordshire, about three miles from Birmingham, and thus contiguous to the county which gave our Shakspeare birth. How or where this gentleman first became possessed of it

(Autograph of "Shakspeare")

is not known; but, it is very certain that previous to the year 1780, Mr. Patteson used to exhibit the volume to his friends as a curiosity, *on account of the autograph*. No public notice of it was, however, at any time made; and, contented with this faint notoriety, the autograph of Shakspeare continued to slumber in the hands of this gentleman and his son, until, by the friendly representations of Charles Frederick Barnwell, esq., the present owner was induced to take it to the British Museum for inspection; and upon its examination, Sir Frederick Madden addressed a letter to Mr. Gage, which was read to the Society of Antiquaries, on January 26, 1837; whence has been derived the substance of the present paper.

Now, imperfect as is the information respecting this autograph, yet it is ample of itself to set at rest all doubts that might at first naturally arise in the minds of those who are acquainted with the forgeries of Ireland; since, at the period when this volume was assuredly in the library at Sinethick, and known to contain Shakspeare's autograph, this literary imposter was scarcely born. This fact must at once obviate any scruples in regard to the autograph now brought forward having emanated from the same manufactory as that which produced the *Miscellaneous Papers*. For the sake, however, of gratifying curiosity, and of a comparison between the genuine autograph of Shakspeare, and the miserable imitations of Master William Henry Ireland, Sir Frederick Madden, exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries, a paper in the handwriting of the forger, in which may be seen, at one view, his copies of other genuine signatures of the poet and his own avowal of his fabrications. The present autograph challenges and defies suspicion, and has already passed the ordeal of numerous competent examiners, all of whom have, *without a single doubt*, expressed their conviction of its genuineness.

The only possible objection which might arise in the mind of a sceptic is this, whether there might not have been living at the same period other persons of the name of William

Shakspeare, to one of whom the volume might have belonged? In reply to this, it must be remarked, *first*, that on comparing the autograph before us with the genuine signatures of the poet, on his will, and on two legal instruments, there is a sufficient resemblance to warrant the conclusion that they are by the same hand, although enough variation to preclude any idea of imitation; and, *secondly*, that the contents of the volume itself come in aid, and afford additional evidence of the genuineness as well as add to the interest of the autograph; for, it is well known that this book was consulted by Shakspeare in the composition of his plays. The *Tempest* presents us with a proof so undeniable of this fact, that we shall quote it.

In the second act, sc. 2, p. 64, tom. iv., ed. 8vo. 1813, occurs the following dialogue, after the escape of the king's party from the vessel, on the deserted island:—

Gonzalo.—Had I plantation of this isle, my lord—

Antonio.—He'd sow it with nettle-seed.

Sebastian.—Or docks, or mallows.

Gonzalo.—And were the king of it, what would I do?

Sebastian.—'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

Gonzalo.—I' the commonwealth I would by contraries

Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrats;
Letters should not be known; no use of service,
Of riches, or of poverty; no contracts;
Successions; bound of land, tillth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all,
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty.—

Sebastian.—And yet he would be king on't!

Antonio.—The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning!

The corresponding passage of Montaigne occurs in book 1, chap. 30, p. 102, where he is speaking of a newly discovered country, which he calls *Antarctick France*, and thus proceeds: "It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kind of traffike, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superiority; no use of service, of riches, or of poverty, no contracts, no successions, no divorcences; no occupation, but idle; no respect of kindred, but common; no apparel, but naturall; no manuring of lands; no use

of wine, corn, or mettle. The very words that impart lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulations, covetousness, envy, detraction, and pardon, were never heard of amongst them."

The words marked in italics will sufficiently point out the close imitation; for, in truth, Shakspeare has scarcely done more than copy Florio's translation, with just sufficient alteration to cause the sentences to fall into rhythm.

The copy of Montaigne's works in Mr. Patteson's hands has suffered, in some degree, from damp, so that the fly-leaves at the beginning and end have become loose, and the edges somewhat worn. On the top of the same page which contains Shakspeare's autograph, are written, in a smaller, and in Sir Frederick Madden's opinion, more recent, hand, two short sentences from the *Thyestes* of Seneca, act 5, *cecidit incassu dolor*, and *vota no faciam improba*. The same hand, apparently, has written on the fly-leaf at the end of the volume many similar Latin sentences, with references to the pages of Montaigne's works, from which they are all borrowed. Could we believe these to have proceeded from Shakspeare's hand, they would acquire a high degree of interest; but Sir F. Madden is persuaded they were added by a later pen, as also a few marginal notes in the volume. The binding is in its original state, and, no doubt, the same as when the book was read by Shakspeare.

Sir F. Madden having thus stated all he can collect relative to the history of the above treasure, concludes with a few remarks on the orthography of Shakspeare's name, as written by himself; to which we may recur in a future Number.

New Books.

THE LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB.

[THE editorship of this truly fascinating work has been confided to Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, a sincere friend and admirer of Charles Lamb, and one of his executors. The task was but a light one, and we are glad to find it executed with fitting taste and felicity of judgment. Friendship for the deceased has not concealed his failings, (and they were but few,) and in homage to his genius, enthusiasm has been but carried far enough; for, assuredly, as Mr. Talfourd prefatorily remarks, Charles Lamb was "one of the most delightful of English writers." Little was requisite to accompany these letters besides a connecting thread of narrative, and a few incidental explanations, to which Mr. Talfourd has added a brief sketch of the life of Lamb, aided by the contributions of correspondents of the deceased, and other friends; the whole form-

ing two as delightful volumes of epistolary pleasantries as we ever remember to have read. Our extracts are "at random strung."]

School-days of Lamb.

One of his school-fellows, of whose genial qualities he has made affectionate mention in his "Recollections of Christ's Hospital," Charles V. Le Grice, now of Treriefe, near Penzance, has supplied me with some particulars of his school-days, for which friends of a later date will be grateful. "Lamb," says Mr. Le Grice, "was an amiable, gentle boy, very sensible and keenly observing, indulged by his school-fellows and by his master on account of his infirmity of speech. His countenance was mild; his complexion clear brown with an expression which might lead you to think that he was of Jewish descent. His eyes were not each of the same colour, one was hazel, the other had specks of grey in the iris, mingled as we see red spots in the blood-stone. His step was plantigrade, which made his walk slow and peculiar, adding to the staid appearance of his figure. I never heard his name mentioned without the addition of Charles, although, as there was no other boy of the name of Lamb, the addition was unnecessary; but there was an implied kindness in it, and it was a proof that his gentle manners excited that kindness."

"His delicate frame and his difficulty of utterance, which was increased by agitation, unfitted him for joining in any boisterous sport. The description which he gives, in his 'Recollections of Christ's Hospital,' of the habits and feelings of the school-boy, is a true one in general, but is more particularly a delineation of himself—the feelings were all in his own heart—the portrait was his own: 'While others were all fire and play, he stole along with all the self-concentration of a young monk.' These habits and feelings were awakened and cherished in him by peculiar circumstances; he had been born and bred in the Inner Temple; and his parents continued to reside there while he was at school, so that he passed from cloister to cloister, and this was all the change his young mind ever knew. On every half-holiday (and there were two in the week) in ten minutes he was in the gardens, on the terrace, or at the fountain of the Temple: here was his home: here his recreation: and the influence they had on his infant mind is vividly shown in his description of the old Benchers. He says, 'I was born and passed the first seven years of my life in the Temple,' he might have added, that here he passed a great portion of the second seven years of his life, a portion which mixed itself with all his habits and enjoyments, and gave a bias to the whole. Here he found a happy home, affectionate

parents, and a sister who watched over him to the latest hour of his existence (God be with her!) with the tenderest solicitude; and here he had access to the library of Mr. Salt, one of the Benchers, to whose memory his pen has given in return for this and greater favours—I do not think it extravagant to say—immortality. To use his own language, ‘Here he was tumbled into a spacious closet of good old English reading, where he browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage.’ He applied these words to his sister; but there is no doubt they ‘browsed’ together; they had walked hand in hand from a time ‘extending beyond the period of their memory.’”

Sobriquet of Guy.

“In the first year of his clerkship,” says Mr. Le Grice, in the communication to which he favoured me, “Lamb spent the evening of the 5th November with some of his former school-fellows, who, being amused with the particularly large and flapping brim of his round hat, pinned it up on the sides in the form of a cocked-hat. Lamb made no alteration in it, but walked home in his usual sauntering gait towards the Temple. As he was going down Ludgate-hill, some gay young men, who seemed not to have past the London Tavern without resting, exclaimed ‘the veritable Guy!—no man of straw!’ and with this exclamation they took him up, making a chair with their arms, carried him, seated him on a post in St. Paul’s Churchyard, and there left him. This story Lamb told so seriously, that the truth of it was never doubted. He wore his three-cornered hat many evenings, and retained the name of Guy ever after. Like Nym, he quietly sympathized in the fun, and seemed to say, ‘that was the humour of it.’ A clergyman of the city lately wrote to me, ‘I have no recollection of Lamb. There was a gentleman called Guy, to whom you once introduced me, and with whom I have occasionally interchanged nods for more than thirty years; but how is it that I never met Mr. Lamb? If I was ever introduced to him, I wonder that we never came in contact during my residence for ten years in Edmonton.’ Imagine this gentleman’s surprise when I informed him that his nods to Mr. Guy had been constantly reciprocated by Mr. Lamb!”

Lamb’s Love of London.

Lamb had engaged to spend a few days, when he could obtain leave, with Manning at Cambridge, and, just as he hoped to accomplish his wish, received an invitation from Lloyd to give his holiday to the poets assembled at the Lakes. In the joyous excitement of spirits which the anticipated visit to Manning produced, he thus plays off Manning’s proposal on his friend, abuses mountains, and luxuriates in his love of London:—

To Mr. Manning.

“Dear Manning,—I have received a very kind invitation from Lloyd and Sophia, to go and spend a month with them at the Lakes. Now it fortunately happens, (which is so seldom the case!) that I have spare cash by me, enough to answer the expenses of so long a journey; and I am determined to get away from the office by some means. The purpose of this letter is to request of you (my dear friend,) that you will not take it unkind, if I decline my proposed visit to Cambridge for the present. Perhaps I shall be able to take Cambridge in my way, going or coming. I need not describe to you the expectations which such an one as myself, pent up all my life in a dirty city, have formed of a tour to the lakes. Consider, Grassmere! Ambleside! Wordsworth! Coleridge! Hills, woods, lakes, and mountains, to the eternal devil. I will eat snipes with thee, Thomas Manning. Only confess, confess a bite.

“P.S. I think you named the 16th; but was it not modest of Lloyd to send such an invitation! It shows his knowledge of money and time. I would be loath to think he meant

‘Ironical satire sidelong skinked on my poor pursie.’
BURNS.

For my part, with reference to my friends northward, I must confess that I am not romance-bit about Nature. The earth, and sea, and sky, (when all is said,) is but as a house to dwell in. If the inmates be courteous, and good liquors flow like the conduits at an old coronation, if they can talk sensibly, and feel properly, I have no need to stand staring upon the gilded looking-glass, (that strained my friend’s purse-strings in the purchase) nor his five-shilling print over the mantel-piece of old Nabs the carrier, (which only betrays his false taste). Just as important to me (in a sense,) is all the furniture of my world; eye-pampering, but satisfies no heart. Streets, streets, streets, markets, theatres, churches, Covent Gardens, shops sparkling with pretty faces of industrious milliners, neat sempstresses, ladies cheapening, gentlemen behind counters lying, authors in the street with spectacles, (you may know them by their gait,) lamps lit at night, pastry-cook and silver-smith shops, beautiful Quakers at Pentonville, noise of coaches, drowsy cry of mechanic watchmen at night, with bucks reeling home drunk; if you happen to wake at midnight, cries of fire; and stop thief; inns of court, with their learned air, and halls, and butteries, just like Cambridge colleges; old book-stalls, ‘Jeremy Taylors,’ ‘Burtons on Melancholy’ and ‘Religio Medicis,’ on every stall. These are thy pleasures, O London! with-the-many-sins. O city, abounding in —, for these may Keswick and her giant brood go hang!

C. L.

The following is in reply to a pressing invitation from Mr. Wordsworth, to visit him at the Lakes.

To Mr. Wordsworth.

"I ought before this to have replied to your very kind invitation into Cumberland. With you and your sister I could gang any where; but I am afraid whether I shall ever be able to afford so desperate a journey. Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't now care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments, as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet-street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, wagons, playhouses: all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles;—life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet-street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life, not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes?"

"My attachments are all local, purely local—I have no passion (or have had none since I was in love, and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books,) to groves and valleys. The rooms where I was born, the furniture which has been before my eyes all my life, a book-case which has followed me about like a faithful dog (only exceeding him in knowledge,) wherever I have moved,—old chairs, old tables, streets, squares, where I have sunned myself, my old school,—these are my mistresses—have I not enough without your mountains? I do not envy you. I should pity you, did I not know that the mind will make friends of anything. Your son, and moon, and skies, and hills, and lakes, affect me no more, or scarcely come to me in more venerable characters, than as a gilded room with tapestry and tapers, where I might live with handsome visible objects. I consider the clouds above me but as a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy the mind; and at last like the pictures of the apartment of a connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading upon me, from disuse, have been the beauties of

nature, as they have been confinedly called; so ever fresh, and green, and warm, are all the inventions of men, and assemblies of men in this great city. I should certainly have laughed with dear Joanna.

"Give my kindest love, and my sister's, to D. and yourself. And a kiss from me to little Barbara Lewthwaite. Thank you for liking my play!

"C. L."

In the summer of 1802, Lamb, in company with his sister, visited the Lakes, and spent three weeks with Coleridge at Keswick. There he also met the true annihilator of the slave-trade, Thomas Clarkson, who was then enjoying a necessary respite from his stupendous labours, in a cottage on the borders of Ulswater. Lamb had no taste for oratorical philanthropy; but he felt the grandeur and simplicity of Clarkson's character, and appreciated the unexampled self-denial with which he steeled his heart, trembling with nervous sensibility, to endure intimate acquaintance with the foulest details of guilt and wickedness which he lived and could have died to abolish. Wordsworth was not in the lake-country during Lamb's visit; but he made amends by spending some time in town after Lamb's return, and then quitted it for Yorkshire to be married. Lamb's following letters show that he made some advances towards fellowship with the hills which at a distance he had treated so cavalierly; but his feelings never heartily associated with "the bare earth, and mountains bare," which sufficed Wordsworth; he rather loved to cleave to the little hints and suggestions of nature in the midst of crowded cities. In his latter years I have heard him, when longing after London among the pleasant fields of Eufield, declare that his love of natural scenery would be abundantly satisfied by the patches of long waving grass, and the stunted trees, that blacken in the old-church-yard nooks which you may yet find bordering on Thames-street.

Lamb at the Lakes.

To Mr. Manning.

"24th Sept., 1802, London.

"My dear Manning,—Since the date of my last letter, I have been a traveller. A strong desire seized me of visiting remote regions. My first impulse was to go and see Paris. It was a trivial objection to my aspiring mind, that I did not understand a word of the language, since I certainly intend some time in my life to see Paris, and equally certainly intend never to learn the language; therefore that could be no objection. However, I am very glad I did not go, because you had left Paris (I see) before I could have set out. I believe, Stodhart promising to go with me another year, prevented that plan. My next scheme (for to my restless, ambitious mind London was become a bed of thorns) was to

visit the far-famed peak in Derbyshire, where the Devil sits, they say, without breeches. *This* my purer mind rejected as indelicate. And my final resolve was, a tour to the lakes. I set out with Mary to Keswick, without giving Coleridge any notice, for, my time being precious, did not admit of it. He received us with all the hospitality in the world, and gave up his time to show us all the wonders of the country. He dwells upon a small hill by the side of Keswick, in a comfortable house quite enveloped on all sides by a net of mountains: great floundering bears and monsters they seem'd, all couchant and asleep. We got in in the evening, travelling in a post chaise from Penrith, in the midst of a gorgeous sunshine, which transmuted all the mountains into colours, purple, &c. &c. We thought we had got into fairy land. But that went off (and it never came again; while we staid we had no more fine sunsets); and we entered Coleridge's comfortable study just in the dusk, when the mountains were all dark with clouds upon their heads. Such an impression I never received from objects of sight before, nor do I suppose that I can ever again. Glorious creatures, fine, old fellows, Skiddaw, &c. I never shall forget ye, how ye lay about that night, like an intrenchment; gone to bed, as it seemed for the night, but promising that ye were to be seen in the morning. Coleridge had got a blazing fire in his study, which is a large, antique, ill-shaped room, with an old fashioned organ, never played upon, big enough for a church, shelves of scattered folios, an Eolian harp, and an old sofa, half bed, &c. And all looking out upon the fading view of Skiddaw, and his broad-breasted brethren: what a night! Here we staid three full weeks, in which time I visited Wordsworth's cottage, where we staid a day or two with the Clarksons (good people, and most hospitable, at whose house we tarried one day and night), and saw Lloyd. The Wordsworths were gone to Calais. They have since been in London, and past much time with us: he is now gone into Yorkshire to be married. So we have seen Keswick, Grasmere, Ambleside, Ulswater, (where the Clarksons live,) and a place at the other end of Ulswater; I forget the name;* to which we travelled on a very sultry day, over the middle of Helvellyn. We have clambered up to the top of Skiddaw, and I have waded up the bed of the Lodore. In fine, I have satisfied myself, that there is such a thing as that which tourists call *romantic*, which I very much suspected before: they make such a spluttering about it, and toss their splendid epithets around them, till they give as dim a light as at four o'clock next morning the lamps do after an illumination. Mary was excessively tired, when she got about half-way up Skid-

* Patterdale.

daw, but we came to a cold rill (than which nothing can be imagined more cold, running over cold stones), and with the reinforcement of a draught of cold water, she surmounted it most manfully. O, its fine black head, and the bleak air atop of it, with a prospect of mountains all about and about, making you giddy; and then Scotland afar off, and the border countries so famous in song and ballad! It was a day that will stand out like a mountain, I am sure, in my life. But I am returned (I have now been come home near three weeks—I was a month out), and you cannot conceive the degradation I felt at first, from being accustomed to wander free as air among mountains, and bathe in rivers without being controul'd by any one, to come home and *work*. I felt very little. I had been dreaming I was a very great man. But that is going off, and I find I shall conform in time to that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me. Besides, after all, Fleet-street and the Strand are better places to live in for good and all than amidst Skiddaw. Still, I turn back to those great places where I wandered about, participating in their greatness. After all, I could not *live* in Skiddaw. I could spend a year, two, three years among them, but I must have a prospect of seeing Fleet-street at the end of that time, or I should mope and pine away, I know. Still, Skiddaw, is a fine creature. My habits are changing, I think, *i. e.* from drunk to sober. Whether I shall be happier or no, remains to be proved. I shall certainly be more happy in a morning; but whether I shall not sacrifice the fat, and the marrow, and the kidneys, *i. e.* the night, glorious care-drowning night, that heals all our wrongs, pours wine into our mortifications, changes the scene from indifferent and flat to bright and brilliant?—O Manning, if I should have formed a diabolical resolution, by the time you come to England, of not admitting any spirituous liquors into my house, will you be my guest on such shame-worthy terms? Is life with such limitations worth trying? The truth is, that my liquors bring a nest of friendly harpies about my house, who consume me. This is a pitiful tale to be read at St. Gothard, but it is just now nearest my heart. F—— is a ruined man. He is hiding himself from his creditors, and has sent his wife and children into the country. — my other drunken companion (that has been: nam hic castus artemque repono) is turned editor of a Naval Chronicle. Godwin continues a steady friend, though the same facility does not remain of visiting him often. Holcroft is not yet come to town. I expect to see him, and will deliver your message. Things come crowding in to say, and no room for 'em. Some things are too little to be told, *i. e.* to have a preference; some are too big and circumstantial. Thanks for yours, which was most delicious.

Would I had been with you, benighted, &c. I fear my head is turned with wandering. I shall never be the same acquiescent being. Farewell; write again quickly, for I shall not like to hazard a letter, not knowing where the fates have carried you. Farewell, my dear fellow.

"C. LAMB."

The Public Journals.

COUNTRY LODGINGS.

(Concluded from page 47.)

EVERY thought of the Count Choynowski was engrossed by the fair Helen; and we saw with some anxiety that she in her turn was but too sensible of his attentions, and that every thing belonging to his country assumed in her eyes an absorbing importance. She sent to London for all the books that could be obtained respecting Poland; ordered all the journals that interested themselves in that interesting, though apparently hopeless cause.

It was clear that the peace of both was endangered, perhaps gone; and that it had become the painful duty of friendship to awaken them from their too bewitching dream.

We had made an excursion, on one sunny summer's day, as far as the Everley Hills. Helen, always impassioned, had been wrought into a passionate recollection of her own native country, by the sight of the heather just bursting into its purple bloom; and M. Choynowski, usually so self-possessed, had been betrayed into the expression of a kindred feeling by the delicious odour of the fir plantations, which served to transport him in imagination to the balm-breathing forests of the North. This sympathy was a new, and a strong bond of union between two spirits but too congenial; and I determined no longer to defer informing the gentleman, in whose honour I placed the most implicit reliance, of the peculiar position of our fair friend.

Detaining him, therefore, to coffee, (we had taken an early dinner in the fir grove,) and suffering Helen to go home to her little boy, I contrived, by leading the conversation to capricious wills, to communicate to him, as if accidentally, the fact of her forfeiting her whole income in the event of a second marriage. He listened with grave attention.

"Is she also deprived," inquired he, "of the guardianship of her child?"

"No. But as the sum allowed for his maintenance is also to cease from the day of her nuptials, and the money to accumulate until he is of age, she would, by marrying a poor man, do irreparable injury to her son, by cramping his education. It is a grievous restraint."

He made no answer. After two or three attempts at conversation, which his mind was too completely pre-occupied to sustain, he

bade us good-night, and returned to the Court.

The next morning we heard that he had left Upton, and gone, they said, to Oxford. And I could not help hoping that he had seen his danger, and would not return until the peril was past.

I was mistaken. In two or three days he returned, exhibiting less self-command than I had been led to anticipate. The fair lady, too, I took occasion to remind of this terrible will, in hopes, since he would not go, that she would have had the wisdom to have taken her departure. No such thing; neither party would move a jot. I might as well have bestowed my counsel upon the two stone figures on the great gateway. And heartily sorry, and a little angry, I resolved to let matters take their own course.

Several weeks passed on, when one morning she came to me in the sweetest confusion, the loveliest mixture of bashfulness and joy.

"He loves me!" she said; "he has told me that he loves me!"

"Well?"

"And I have referred him to you. That clause——"

"He already knows it." And then I told her, word for word, what had passed.

"He knows of that clause, and he still wishes to marry me! He loves me for myself! Loves me, knowing me to be a beggar! It is true, pure, disinterested affection!"

"Beyond all doubt it is. And if you could live upon true love——"

"Oh, but where *that* exists, and youth, and health, and strength, and education, may we not be well content to try to earn a living *together*?—think of the happiness comprised in that word! I could give lessons;—I am sure that I could. I would teach music, and drawing, and dancing—anything for him! or we could keep a school here at Upton—anywhere with him!"

"And I am to tell him this?"

"Not the words!" replied she, blushing like a rose at her own earnestness; "not those words!"

Of course, it was not very long before M. le Comte made his appearance.

"God bless her, noble, generous creature!" cried he, when I had fulfilled my commission.

"God for ever bless her!"

"And you intend, then, to take her at her word, and set up school together?" exclaimed I, a little provoked at his unscrupulous acceptance of her proffered sacrifice.

"You really intend to keep a lady's boarding-school here at the Court?"

"I intend to take her at her word, most certainly," replied he, very composedly; "but I should like to know, my good friend, what has put it into her head, and into yours, that if Helen marries me she must needs earn her own living? Suppose I should

tell you," continued he, smiling, "that my father, one of the richest of the Polish nobility, was a favourite friend of the Emperor Alexander; that the Emperor Nicholas continued to me the kindness which his brother had shown to my father, and that I thought, as he had done, (gratitude and personal attachment apart,) that I could better serve my country, and more effectually ameliorate the condition of my tenants and vassals, by submitting to the Russian government, than by a hopeless struggle for national independence? Suppose that I were to confess, that chancing in the course of a three years' travel to walk through this pretty village of yours, I saw Helen, and could not rest until I had seen more of her;—supposing all this, would you pardon the deception, or rather the allowing you to deceive yourselves? Oh, if you could but imagine how delightful it is to a man, upon whom the humbling conviction has been forced, that his society is courted and his alliance sought for the accidents of rank and fortune, to feel that he is, for once in his life, honestly liked, fervently loved for himself, such as he is, his own very self,—if you could but fancy how proud he is of such friendship, how happy in such love, you would pardon him, I am sure you would; you would never have the heart to be angry. And now that the Imperial consent to a foreign union—the gracious consent for which I so anxiously waited to authorize my proposals—has at length arrived, do you think," added the count, with some seriousness, "that there is any chance of reconciling this dear Helen to my august master? or will she continue a rebel?"

At this question, so gravely put, I laughed outright. "Why, really, my dear count, I cannot pretend to answer decidedly for the turn that the affair might take; but my impression is—to speak in that idiomatic English, more racy than elegant, which you pique yourself upon understanding—my full impression is, that Helen having for no reason upon earth but her interest in you, *rattled* from Conservatism to Radicalism, she will, for the same cause, lose no time in rattling back again. A woman's politics, especially if she be a young woman, are generally the result of feeling rather than of opinion, and our fair friend strikes me as a most unlikely subject to form an exception to the rule. However, if you doubt my authority in this matter, you have nothing to do but to inquire at the fountain-head. There she sits in the arbour. Go and ask."

And before the words were well spoken, the lover, radiant with happiness, was at the side of his beloved.—*Metropolitan Magazine*.

THE INSOLVENT DEBTORS' COURT.

IN a lofty room, badly lighted and worse ventilated, situate in Portugal-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, there sit nearly the whole year round, one, two, three, or four gentlemen in wigs, as the case may be, with little writing desks before them, constructed after the fashion of those used by the judges of the land, barring the French polish; a box of barristers on their right hand; an inclosure of insolvent debtors on their left; and an inclined plane of most especially dirty faces in their front. These gentlemen are the Commissioners of the Insolvent Court, and the place in which they sit is the Insolvent Court itself.

It is, and has been, time out of mind, the remarkable fate of this Court to be somehow or other held and understood by the general consent of all the destitute shabby-genteel people in London, as their common resort, and place of daily refuge. It is always full. The steams of beer and spirits perpetually ascend to the ceiling, and, being condensed by the heat, roll down the walls like rain: there are more old suits of clothes in it at one time, than will be offered for sale in all Houndsditch in a twelvemonth; and more unwashed skins and grizzily beards than all the pumps and shaving-shops between Tyburn and Whitechapel could render decent between sunrise and sunset.

It must not be supposed that any of these people have the least shadow of business in, or the remotest connexion with, the place they so indefatigably attend. If they had, it would be no matter of surprise, and the singularity of the thing would cease at once. Some of them sleep during the greater part of the sitting; others carry small portable dinners wrapped in pocket handkerchiefs, or sticking out of their worn-out pockets, and munch and listen with equal relish; but no one among them was ever known to have the slightest personal interest in any case that was ever brought forward. Whatever they do, there they sit from the first moment to the last. When it is heavy rainy weather, they all come in wet through; and at such times the vapours of the Court are like those of a fungus-pit.

A casual visitor might suppose this place to be a temple dedicated to the Genius of Seediness. There is not a messenger or process-server attached to it, who wears a coat that was made for him; not a tolerably fresh, or wholesome-looking man in the whole establishment, except a little white-headed apple-faced tipstaff, and even he, like an ill-conditioned cherry preserved in brandy, seems to have artificially dried and withered up into a state of preservation, to which he can lay no natural claim. The very barristers' wigs are ill-powdered, and their curls lack crispness.

But the attorneys, who sit at a large bare table below the Commissioners, are, after all, the greatest curiosities. The professional establishment of the more opulent of these gentlemen, consists of a blue bag and a boy: generally a youth of the Jewish persuasion. They have no fixed offices, their legal business being transacted in the parlours of public-houses, or the yards of prisons, whither they repair in crowds, and canvass for customers after the manner of omnibus cnds. They are of a greasy and mildewed appearance; and if they can be said to have any vices at all, perhaps drinking and cheating are the most conspicuous among them. Their residences are usually on the outskirts of "the Rules," chiefly lying within a circle of one mile from the obelisk in St. George's Fields. Their looks are not prepossessing, and their manners are peculiar.—*Pickwick Papers.*

Notes of a Reader.

MAY THE YOUNG QUEEN BE HAPPY.

*A Ballad, by Thomas Haynes Bayly, Esq.**

MAY the young Queen be happy, and calm her renown,

While the sword in the scabbard reposes;
On the forehead of youth may the sovereign crown
Press no more than a chaplet of roses.

May the Arts, as they did in Elizabeth's reign,
Shed around intellectual glory.

And Victoria's annals be free from the stain
Of the errors that darken'd her story.

May the young Queen be happy, unsullied her court,
And the love of her people her pride and support.

May the young Queen be happy: should peace pass away,
Not a heart in her kingdom would falter.

Her voice would call forth a triumphant army
In defence of the throne and the altar.

But laurels enough ready gather'd we find,
And no spark of right feeling he loses

Who prays that the olive may now be entwined
With the evergreen wreath of the Muses.

May the young Queen be happy, unsullied her court,
And the love of her people her pride and support.

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And the love of her people her pride and support.

But, ruled by a Queen, there's a charm in the name

That finds its way home to the heart.

'Tis there is the throne where a monarch's secure;

And her name from our hearts nought can sever.

O, there to the last shall affection endure,

Here's Victoria, our Queen, for ever!

MUSARD'S CONCERTS AT PARIS.

(From the Musical World.)

Who has not heard of Musard's Quadrilles? who has not heard of the concerts of the great *artiste*? It was after an unsuccessful attempt to get a seat at the Opéra Comique, that I bent my way down the Rue Vivienne to Musard's Concert in the Rue St. Honoré. Ten English pence gave me an admission into this musical paradise, and the performances not having begun, afforded me an opportunity to explore the arrangements for the evening's amusements. The room was very spacious, and elegantly fitted up with looking-glasses, couches, and ottomans: at the end was a café attended by a troop of perfumed waiters ready for operation. In various parts of the room were statues, and fountains surrounded with choice exotics, which being refreshed by the crystal droppings of the water, emitted a delightfully cool fragrance. But the time of commencement arrived, and the orchestra, which was placed in the centre of the room, was speedily filled by about eighty performers. The following was the bill of fare—Part I. Overture de la Flûte enchanté; Mozart—Quadrille en Si majeur; Musard.—Overture du Maçon; Auber.—Quadrille Romantique; Musard.—Tyrolienne de Guillaume Tell; Rossini.—Les Laveuses du Couvent, nouveau quadrille; Musard.—Part II. Overture de Marguerite d'Anjou; Mayerbeer.—Les Chaperons blancs, nouveau quadrille; Musard.—Andante de la symphonie en Ut mineur; Beethoven.—Le Siamois, nouveau quadrille; Musard.—Overture des Aveugles de Tolède; Mehul.—Tarentelle de la Muette de Portici; Auber.—As soon as the band had taken their places, and the usual tuning dispatched, all eyes were directed towards the door, when a middle-sized gentlemanly looking man, dressed in deep black, and "shocking-shaped hat," entered, and mechanically took his seat in the centre of the orchestra. The most profound silence was manifested by the audience: the unknown gently raised his baton, and instantaneously Mozart's overture to the Magic Flute commenced. But who was the "Gentleman in black?"—it was M. Musard himself. Then what a band! what pianos! what fortes! It consisted principally of the pupils of the Conservatoire, who did not, like too many, strive to rival each other by playing the loudest, but, like one instrument, all moved together, forming a combination of sweet sounds the most perfect; working up their *fortissimos* with prodigious effect. The room was crowded by gay pro-

* The music composed by Joseph Philip Knight, Esq. Limbird and Co. 143, Strand.

† Sung by Mr. Braham, at the Melodists' Club, on Thursday, the 13th instant.—For this composition Mrs. Wilson has received the Society's prize medal of five guineas value.

menaders of all nations; and in the recesses were parties grouped together, chatting, eating, drinking, reading and—*sleeping*. This is the fashionable west-end lounge of Paris, and is every night filled. Even at the small price of admission, M. Musard must make it a profitable undertaking.

The Satherrr.

Eccentric Burial.—Died at Primrose Cottage, High Wycombe, Bucks, on the 24th of May last, Mr. John Guy, aged 64. His remains were interred in a brick grave, in Hudgenden Churchyard, (near Wycombe.) On a marble slab, on the lid of his coffin, was the following inscription:—

"Here, without nail or shroud, doth lie
Or covered by a pall, John Guy.
Born May 17th, 1773.
Died, — 24th, 1837."

On his grave-stone the following lines are inscribed:—

"In coffin made without a nail,
Without a shroud his limbs to hide;
For what can pomp or show avail,
Or velvet pall, to swell the pride,
Here lies John Guy beneath this sod,
Who loved his friends and fear'd his God."

This eccentric gentleman was possessed of considerable property, and was a native of Gloucestershire. His grave and coffin were made under his directions more than a twelvemonth since; the inscription on the tablet on his coffin, and the lines placed upon his grave-stone, were his own composition. He gave all necessary orders for the conducting of his funeral, and five shillings were wrapped in separate pieces of paper for each of the bearers. The writer of this communication inspected the coffin, and attests the singular beauty and neatness of the workmanship; it indeed looked more like a piece of cabinet-work intended for a drawing-room than a receptacle for the dead. W. H.

Cook-onotion.—Sir Samuel Morland, who lived at Vauxhall House, in 1675, had a coach with a movable kitchen, with clock-work machinery, with which he could make soup, broil steaks, or roast a joint of meat. When he travelled, he was his own cook. Sir Samuel was as eccentric in his tastes at home as abroad; the side-table in his dining-room was supplied with a large fountain, and the glasses stood under little streams of water.

Immense Tuns.—The Heidelberg tun appears to have been a vain boast; for, many years since, there were at Beaufoy's vinegar works at Lambeth, a vessel full of sweet wine, containing 59,109 gallons; and another full of vinegar, containing 56,799 gallons; the lesser of which exceeded the famous Heidelberg tun by 40 barrels.

Moore's Almanac.—Francis Moore, the

original author of the almanac which still goes by his name, resided at Lambeth, where he practised as an astrologer.

Cooking by Gas.—Mr. Sharp, of Northampton, lately delivered a lecture to the members of the Mechanics' Institution, at Winchester, on the process of cooking by gas. This he explained by means of an apparatus, in one compartment by which a piece of beef, weighing 20 lbs., was roasting, underneath which was a Yorkshire pudding. In another division was a leg of mutton, weighing 12 lbs., also roasting, and some rhubarb tarts baking. In another vessel were a ham, weighing 12 lbs., two large plum puddings, a piece of salmon, 10 lbs., two couple of fowls, and potatoes. At the conclusion of the lecture, the supper was dished up and placed on table by the ingenious inventor, and partaken of by about 50 of his auditors. —*Morning Herald*.

Learning Latin.—A farmer wishing his son to have some learning, on a market day took his lad to school; he was to be taught Latin. Now, the farmer had heard of dog Latin, and bethought him of it after he had left the school; for, on the next market day he came to the school with a sack, and said to the master, "I do understand there are two sorts of Latin; I should like my son to ha' the best, and so I ha' brought ye a pig." —*Blackwood's Magazine*.

Parenthesis.—Never trust your tongue with a parenthesis, under any hope that the sense will be taken up by any thread in the mind of your hearer, after you have once made him take the jump with you, and have left it behind you.—*Ibid*.

Felicity.—A poor gardener, on being asked what felicity meant, said he did not know, but he believed it was a bulbous root.

The Schoolmaster Wanted.—European knowledge, especially in the shape of reading, is not popular among the Kroo nation, and the learned in books, on their return, are put in Coventry.—*Ibid*.

Sierra Leone.—"I had no sooner landed," says Mr. Rankin, "than a furnace seemed to have opened its parching breath on me. The first feeling was that of suffocation, succeeded by a sudden faintness which had nearly caused a fall; a volume of heat rushed from the ground, and some moments elapsed before I could proceed, leaning on the muscular arm of my guide."

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen. Agent in PARIS, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin. In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.